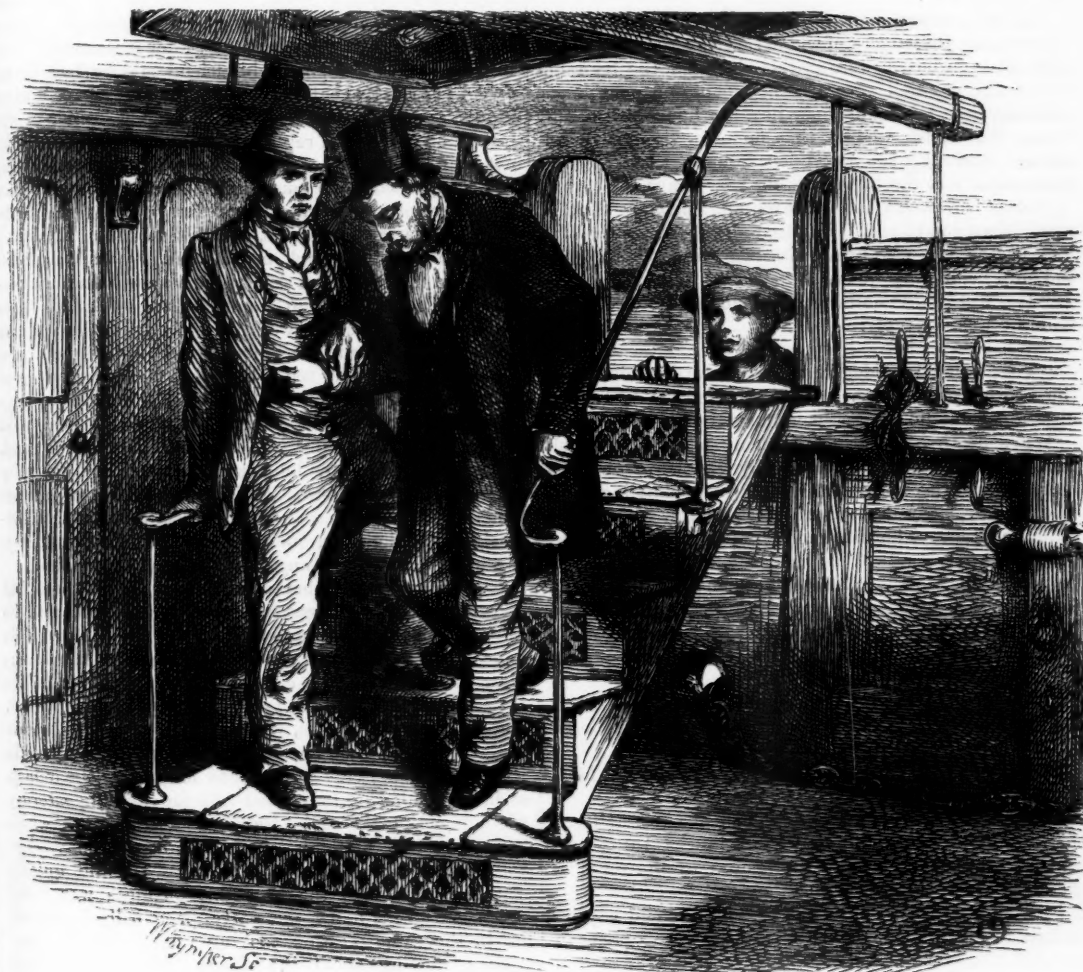


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE INVALID PASSENGER.

INCIDENTS ASHORE AND AFLOAT

II. A MORAL WRECK.

To any one possessed of well-formed steady habits and intellectual resources, the pause in active life involved in a long voyage at sea may be made a most profitable season. To a pious man especially, it is often welcome—an interval of rest during which he can look back upon his past career, and by study, meditation, and prayer, gather fresh strength for the labours and trials which the future may have in store for him. But to the great majority of men, suddenly cut off from the performance

of those routine duties which constitute the serious business of their lives, the time thus spent, being in general destitute of all external incident to enliven it, is looked back upon as lost—a mere blank in existence. It is so, only because of their deficiency in those internal resources which should characterize immortal beings, the possession and exercise of which constitute also the only safeguard against the evil effects of months of idleness at sea. To the young man in particular, removed for the first time from the supporting and restraining influences of home life, who is not thus protected, an Australian voyage is an ordeal often full of danger; and

numerous are the instances I can call to recollection, of promising careers blighted, and hopes of reformation neutralized, the first step towards which was traceable to the evil habits contracted on shipboard. One of these, of more than usual interest, I will record.

A good many years ago I made a voyage from Sydney to London, which was more productive of interesting incident than usual. It was before the time of clipper ships, and our vessel was so wretched a sailer, that although we left port in June, 184—, it was not until September, three months afterwards, that we arrived off the coast of Brazil, in sight of which, light head-winds, together with our ship's bad sailing, and a current, had brought us.

On the evening of the day preceding our first view of the land, the passengers, of whom there were about a dozen altogether on board, were gathered round the tea-table in the cuddy. All were present except one gentleman, who had been taken suddenly ill a few hours before, and whom the doctor was at that moment visiting in his cabin. Presently the door opened, and the latter joined the company at the table, looking very grave.

"How is Mr. Martin this evening, doctor? Shall I make him a cup of tea?" inquired Mrs. Gillies, one of the lady passengers, who presided at the head of the table, the ship being very quiet.

"He will want nothing more in this world, Mrs. Gillies," was the reply.

"What!—dead?"

"Yes; he died suddenly, as he was raising himself in the bed to speak to me. As I suspected, he had heart disease; I was not altogether unprepared."

When death comes thus suddenly amongst a small number of persons associated daily together, as we had been for months, the effect is far more startling than when it surprises us on shore, in the hurry and tumult of life in cities. The announcement just made, therefore, thrilled through all of us, and the more so, because there was that in the circumstances and past history of the man of whom he spoke, which made this sudden summons into eternity inexpressibly shocking. As we sat, transfixed with surprise, Mr. Ellis, the chief officer, came in to his tea.

"Why," said he, looking round, "you all look as scared as if there was a pirate alongside, going to board us."

"Death has boarded us, Mr. Ellis," replied the lady. "Mr. Martin is dead."

Ellis, an old naval veteran, who had in his time faced the king of terrors a hundred times in the battle and pestilence, was not so much influenced by the news as the rest of us. After a moment's pause he said—

"Dead, is he? Well, it's the best thing could happen to him, in my opinion. Such a fellow as that was not fit to live."

"Oh, Mr. Ellis, do not say that. Was he fit to die? Only think; not the least sign of repentance, not even time to utter a prayer, and after such a life, and in the state he was in. And then, you know, after death cometh the judgment."

There are some lives so utterly worthless, so productive of misery and suffering to themselves and all connected with them, that, were it not for this solemn consideration of a future state—this thought of a judgment after death—the announcement of their termination would be hailed with a sense of relief if not satisfaction. Such was the case with the unhappy man now spoken of. He was known to none on board, and had joined the vessel only a few hours before sailing, under very peculiar circumstances, when a portion of his sad history was

revealed; and from his letters and papers we gathered the rest.

On the day we sailed, I was sitting writing a reply to a farewell letter from relatives on shore. Except the captain and doctor of the ship, who were writing also at the table, I was the only occupant of the saloon, most of the other passengers being still on shore, lingering with their friends till the last moment, and the rest occupied in their berths, arranging them for the voyage. The steward had just laid the table for breakfast, and the captain, having finished his writing, was about to take his seat with us at it, when a boat was announced as being alongside, with two gentlemen in her. "I expect," said Captain S—, "this will be the passenger for whom that man yesterday engaged the cabin. There will be some work for you, doctor; for it seems he is an invalid, rather dissipated: his friend said he had been." Just then the two entered the saloon. One I recognised immediately as a Mr. Blackwood, a hotel keeper of the town, and one, too, if report did not err, whose house did not bear the best of reputations, much secret gambling being supposed to be carried on there. He was a commonplace, plausible man about forty; the age of the other it was, at first sight, difficult to tell. Evidently he was a complete wreck, morally and physically; yet his brow and figure showed that he must have been once possessed of beauty, strength, and intellect. But all these were gone now; the eye was dim and vacant, the features pale and bloated, and the limbs shrunk; and the cause of this change was only too evident, when, without a word being uttered, as soon as he entered the cabin his eye fell upon the spirit case, which hung above the table. Instantly his trembling hand was stretched forth, and, seizing the decanter, he poured out a large quantity of brandy, and swallowed it with a tremulous eagerness. Then, sitting down with a weary sigh, he gazed listlessly out of the cabin door upon the deck, without saying a word, or paying any heed to those about him.

His companion, rather disconcerted by this act, but remarking that his boat was waiting for him, and he must be off on shore again directly, busied himself in superintending the removal of the baggage to the berth; after which he took the captain to the other end of the table, and counted out the passage money, ninety guineas, adding twenty-five more, which he said perhaps Captain S— would be good enough to hand over to Mr. Martin when he was better. "His friend might lose the money, as he was suffering (as he had told the captain yesterday when engaging the cabin) from recent dissipation, which had affected his head; but he had no doubt the voyage, and the skilful attentions of Dr. F—, would quickly restore him." All the time this business was being transacted in his name, the party principally concerned sat in the same position, looking vacantly at the busy figures moving about the ship's decks, and making short, incoherent replies to the remarks addressed to him by the doctor, who, I noticed, was observing both with keen attention. Mr. F— was a surgeon in the navy, and a man of sagacity and penetration, and it did not require much of either to perceive that there was more than met the eye in what was passing, and that the hotel keeper was anxious to escape any further explanation than he had already given.

"Do you know that man?" he asked me, indicating Blackwood, who, having hurried through his business, was shaking hands with the captain.

"I only know that he keeps a hotel in Sydney; but I have heard it is frequented by people who resort there to gamble secretly."

"Indeed!" he said; then, observing that Blackwood

was leaving the cabin, after simply wishing us a good voyage, as he passed, he called after him, evidently to the relief of Captain S——, who was undecided how to act, and waiting for the doctor to speak.

"Are you going on shore, sir, without bidding your friend farewell?"

The man stopped, annoyed and embarrassed; but he came back. "I bid him good-bye on shore," he said; then, going up to Martin, he offered him his hand.

"Eh! what? you said you would come with me, Blackwood. I won't go by myself."

"Where to, Mr. Martin?" asked the doctor, suddenly; and the reply showed that he was under the impression that he was on board the Maitland steamboat, going to spend a month down the coast.

"Why, the man does not know where he is going to," said the captain. "Look here, Mr. What's-your-name; if you thought that this (pointing to the money still lying on the table) would induce me to take any one on board without asking any questions, you are mistaken. I cannot consent to take the gentleman as my passenger." (Captain S—— was the principal owner of the vessel.)

"Wait a moment, captain. I told you he was affected in his head; he has forgotten it for the moment." Then, turning to Martin, continued Blackwood, "Don't you remember, Mr. Martin, saying that, as your money was all gone, and you were so ill, and knew no one in the colony, that you would go back to Scotland to your friends? Don't you remember talking it over with me only yesterday and this morning, and my saying the voyage would do you good? It was months ago you talked of going to Maitland. You remember it, don't you?"

The unfortunate man made an effort to collect his ideas and exercise his memory, and at length assented. "Yes, yes, I remember now; you told me the money was all spent. Are you sure—"

"And you asked me to take a passage for you, and I have, in this ship. Tell the captain it's all right, and you wish to go," interrupted Blackwood, who evidently desired to divert the invalid's thoughts from thinking of his money. "The best thing you can do will be to go back to Scotland to your friends." And, prompted by Blackwood, the invalid expressed to Captain S—— his desire to go with him.

The captain looked at the doctor. "Do you think I should be justified in taking this gentleman in such a state, and under such circumstances, doctor? I leave it to you."

"Certainly not, without knowing more of the matter," he replied. Then, fixing his keen eye on Blackwood, he asked, "Are you a relative of this gentleman?"

"No: only a friend."

"A friend, are you?" he replied, emphatically, and looking at the degraded object before him; "he seems to have sadly needed a friend of late, from what we see. Well, sir, Captain S—— decidedly refuses to take your friend, unless with some fuller explanation. Who is the gentleman, and how came you to take such an interest in him?"

Finding there was no help for it, the man told his story, the keen questioning to which the doctor subjected him extracting many particulars which he would fain have kept concealed. A sad story it was, but, alas! one only too often paralleled in its main features; one, too, which painfully illustrates the remark that, unless protected by Divine grace, and strengthened by the possession of fixed habits and principles, the ordeal of a long Australian voyage is too often destructive to body and soul. How many of the

young men who annually embark for those distant possessions, eventually come to a moral shipwreck, all those who are conversant with social life there know too well; and that the first step in the downward career of those who have left England with unblemished characters, as well as the confirmation in evil ways of those who go there to reform, is generally to be ascribed to the evil habits and demoralization engendered by the temptations and idleness of shipboard.

Divested of all the palliating excuses the narrator introduced to screen himself from blame, and avert the censure due to his infamous conduct, the facts were these. Eighteen months before, Mr. Martin arrived in the colony, and, in company with a fellow-passenger, (who went up the country a week afterwards), put up at his (Blackwood's) hotel. From this fellow-passenger he heard that Mr. Martin, who belonged to a most respectable family in Scotland, had behaved very well the first part of the voyage, but had latterly given way to intemperance. He had brought a considerable sum of money with him, intending to become a sheep-farmer; but no sooner did he find himself on shore than he commenced a career of dissipation, which never ended until he had brought himself to the condition in which we now saw him. Often would he stay for months together in the house drinking incessantly, until delirium tremens would disable him, but only for a time. No sooner had he recovered, than, like the "sow to her wallowing in the mire," he would return to his former habits. "I tried repeatedly," said the man, "to get him straight and sober again; but it was of no use. Do what I could, drink he would have—"

"And drink you let him have, of course. If you did not, some other man would, and you might as well have his money as another. Is not that the way you publicans reason with your consciences, when some poor wretch is destroying body and soul in your houses?" The man looked disconcerted, and was still more so when, acting on the information I had given him, the doctor followed up his attack by saying—

"You do not mean to affirm he was never sober? He was capable, say, of having a game of cards now and then; it was not likely he would be so long in your house without falling into its ways, Mr. Blackwood."

The man protested; but there was falsehood in every lineament of his face, in every tone of his voice.

"Then, do you mean to say he staid the whole eighteen months in your house," said the captain; "until, in fact, his money was all spent, and now you have persuaded him to go home to his friends?"

"Yes, he did," said the man, doggedly; "and that money I paid you, and which I might have put into my own pocket, is the last he has."

"But had he no friends in the colony? Did no one ever call to see him? He must have brought plenty of letters of introduction to people in Sydney."

"Well, yes; he had a whole lot of letters, but he never delivered any of them."

"But why did you not, when you found that he was going on so, month after month, see that some were delivered for him, and try and bring some friend to his rescue?" inquired the doctor.

The man, who had become very surly under all this questioning, answered sulkily—

"It was no business of mine."

"No business of yours!" said the doctor, with a withering look; "you say truly, your business was to keep all possible succour from him. You had your victim, and were determined to keep him until you had thoroughly plundered and ruined him, body and soul."

Depend upon it, that for this, your handiwork, God will bring you into judgment;" and he pointed to where, with head drooping on his breast—for the brandy had done its work—Martin sat.

The hotel-keeper attempted to bluster; but Captain S—— ordered him on shore. "I shall decide whether to take him, or send him, with a note to the authorities, on shore to the hospital," he said. "In the meantime, by your own showing you have nothing further to do in the matter." Dr. F—— then examined Martin, and endeavoured to obtain from him a connected account of himself, but the attempt was vain; long-continued intoxication—or, more probably, the use of drugged liquors—had nearly destroyed every vestige of reasoning power and memory.

"What shall I do, doctor?" asked the captain, when the former had concluded his examination.

"It is a scandalous and most lamentable case," he replied; "but what *can* we do? We sail in two or three hours, so have no time to examine into it or appeal to the authorities. If we let him go on shore again, depend upon it that fellow will get hold of him, and swallow up that money as well; he must have made a pretty penny by him, and is now anxious to get rid of him. There is one thing I can do; I will go on shore and inquire at the bank of —, where that man said Martin had his account; perhaps they may know something about him. I will be on board again before the anchor is apeak."

He did so, and rejoined us as we were getting under weigh. "We had better take him," he said. "Would you believe it? he brought no less than four thousand pounds with him to the colony: so they told me at the bank; all of which, of course, that fellow and his accomplices got hold of, for they repeatedly paid heavy cheques to Blackwood, who generally called there for money. The bank people tried, the first two or three months, to save him; they sent for him and tried to reason with him, and often called upon him, but he was generally tipsy. But no one had any authority to interfere: it was nobody's business to rescue him, it seems, if indeed he could be rescued, for it is plain to me his brain has been early injured by drugged liquors; and they could not refuse to pay the cheques he wrote in lucid intervals, when he was allowed to get sober for that purpose."

It was plainly the best thing for the unfortunate man himself, to take a sea voyage and return to his friends; with care he might recover. But the hope proved vain. He seemed to the passengers to be much better, both in mind and body; but the doctor had always suspected that his mode of life for the last two years had affected his constitution fatally, and he died suddenly, as described.

As I recall this scene, after a lapse of twenty years, and remember the circumstances in which I was then placed, I cannot but regard it as partaking of a character almost providential. I was, at the time Martin came on board, engaged in writing a reply to a farewell note from relatives on shore, for I was then a young man of nineteen, leaving home and friends for the first time, to spend some years at college. The vessel had been expected to sail at daylight, and I had taken leave of all the night before; but we were delayed some hours, and a parting note, full of kind messages and good wishes from mother, brothers, and sisters, was sent on board to me, and I then felt, what perhaps many a young man feels under like circumstances, how little I had appreciated the full value of those domestic affections and ties of family love from which I was now about to be severed for years—perhaps for ever. The letter was written by my father, and in it he renewed a request he

had made before, but compliance with which I had evaded. "Before the vessel sails," he wrote, "give me the promise I ask of you. You are entering into life, and snares of all kinds will beset your path while at college; but our earnest prayers will be offered up that you may be preserved from them. But it is the voyage home I am most anxious about, and dread that you may be induced, by the example of those older than yourself, to partake of those amusements, and indulge in those habits, which so often prove the stepping-stone to ruin. I knew an instance of a young man I sailed with, who came on board the ship at Gravesend, a sober, moral man, and who, before he was aware of it, became a drunkard and a gambler. Had he been told beforehand that such a change would occur, doubtless, with him of old, he would have exclaimed, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' But the progress to evil is insidious; the simple game of cards, first commenced 'just to pass the time,' soon becomes the game for a bottle of wine, etc., as week after week passes by; and the daily amusement is pursued, the passion for play is aroused, and the love of stimulants is contracted, and becomes confirmed. I do not mean to say this is always the result, and that those who play at cards, or drink wine, become of necessity gamblers and drunkards. But, independently of the religious objection I have to cards, such a recreation, on shipboard in particular, is pregnant with danger to young men, whose characters are unformed and principles untried. When we pray, 'Lead us not into temptation,' we should be constantly on our guard against all possible sources of evil. Give me, then, your promise before the ship sails, that during the voyage you will not touch a card, and that you will moreover abstain from all intoxicating drink. I shall then thank God that one of the greatest snares which could beset your path will be removed."

I had been willing enough to give the promise as to the card-playing, but I had all a young man's objection to looking singular, and abstaining from the wine my elders were in the habit of using. But the example thus suddenly presented to me made a strong impression, and before I closed my letter I made the promise required, and kept it during the whole voyage of five months duration, though often sorely tempted—a discipline I never repented.

In order to ascertain the address and circumstances of Martin's friends, Captain S—— requested the doctor to look over his papers. From these records we found that the unfortunate man, whose remains were about to be thrown overboard under circumstances so melancholy, had once possessed

"Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;"

had still a mother who loved him, sisters who were once proud of him, friends who once respected him, and wealth which, properly used, ought to have been a blessing to himself and others. His father had been a merchant in Glasgow, and had left him much money, which, (as we gathered from letters written by an uncle of Martin,) had been nearly all squandered in horse-racing, as well as by other kinds of gambling. This uncle's letters extended over a space of five or six years; he appeared to have done his utmost to save his nephew. Finally, the young man repented of his evil courses, and resolved to leave Scotland with the remains of his property, and settle in Australia. But, from the tone of the uncle's letters, it was plain that Martin was a man not only destitute of religious principle, but deficient in firmness of character; and, as we have seen, the *ennui* and weariness of the long voyage proved too much for his newly acquired wish to reform: he contracted another and more

deadly vice. Amongst the papers we found a note from the captain of the ship that took him to the colony, complaining of his conduct on board, in reference to some quarrel arising from card-playing; and it spoke of the great change in him for the worse. The end of it we have seen. But there was one letter which was very affecting: he had destroyed the happiness of another besides his own relatives.

While the steward was preparing his body for burial, and the doctor was sitting at the cabin table looking over the papers, the former came out of the dead man's berth.

"I found this amongst his things, sir," said the man, handing something to Dr. F——, opposite to whom I was sitting; it was the miniature portrait of a lady. The doctor looked at it for a short time, and then said, "Just such a truthful, sincere face as I should have supposed from reading her letter. What happiness the man has thrown away, to be sure. Read that, Mr. —," he added, handing me the letter referred to.

It was written shortly before the young man (he was not thirty, we found) left Scotland for Australia, and in reply to one from him. I can recall portions of the contents nearly word for word. "How I rejoiced," she wrote, "at the information your uncle gave me about you; how that you had entirely discarded the habits and companions which have wrought you so much evil, I need not say; and your own confirmation of the fact brings me increased happiness. I pray God the change may be lasting. Your purpose of going abroad, in order that you may, for a time at least, leave behind you the scenes where your follies are known, I approve of, though of course with more mingled feelings; perhaps it is the best thing you could do. At any rate, I do hope and trust it is an earnest of your sincere desire to redeem the past You ask me to become your wife, that we may share our future together. Robert, I have prayed earnestly that I may be guided aright. Poverty and sorrow, and even exile, I could share joyfully with the man I could respect and look up to; but when you say that my constant presence and companionship will be a support to you, and will give you strength to resist temptation, and protect you from evil influences, I fear you show a consciousness of great weakness. The man who trusts to his wife, a frail mortal like himself, to shield him from temptation, is weak indeed. However, I took your letter to D——, and saw your mother and sisters. 'He wishes me to go with him,' I said. 'I will be guided by you, who know him best; that his repentance is sincere I firmly believe; but will it be lasting? Shall I risk happiness and peace of mind, and leave home and all I hold dear, upon the strength of this promise?' I could see the struggle in the breast of your mother, Robert; for she loves you dearly, and fain was she to say 'yes.' But both she and your sisters said, 'Wait for a time; wait two years, and then, if all is well, go and join him.' You see, Robert, they mistrust the strength of your resolution, and said that a few short months were not sufficient to prove the reality and permanence of a change of character. Your sisters are noble women, Ann in particular, high-minded and conscientious. But you will prove to them, will you not, that they are mistaken? You will pass through the ordeal triumphantly, and at the end of the two years' time you will write to me, and say, 'Come,' and I *will* come; and whether you have become richer or poorer will matter not, if, when we meet, you can show that you have regained that wealth of self-respect which you forfeited here. And, oh! dear Robert, instead of my poor weak counsel and aid during this time of trial, seek for strength from

above, in constant prayer and supplication to the Author of all strength, and who has said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive;' and daily and hourly, in your absence, shall my own prayers ascend to the throne of God in your behalf. Take courage, then; two years are quickly passed, and then——"

"Look at the date," said Dr. F——. I did so, and found that the two years were passed. Within a month of the day which ended the period of his probation, his body was thrown overboard by the hands of strangers.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

WILKIE has been called the Scottish Teniers: a tribute justly due to his technical skill and faithfully characteristic portraiture of national features in the middle and humbler walks of life. But in several respects he departed from, and greatly surpassed, Teniers. He was never vulgar. That vice of an elder age of boorism, conspicuous in the Ostades, Jan Steens, and other masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, had not a trace in the equally homely and familiar scenes of Wilkie. His truths were common; but I might say refined, as if (and it is odd enough to try to imagine the effect) the genius of a Teniers and a Watteau could be blended together, and we might see what pictures the amalgamation would produce. Again, Wilkie possessed sentiment. Many of his pieces appeal to the higher and better feelings of human nature. How are our sympathies awakened by the sorrows and anguish of the suffering group in the "Distraining for Rent!" and how strong the moral lesson taught by the contrast of the apathetic and sordid worldlings! Pity and hate are ineffaceably planted in the mind of the spectator; and precept and example must be lost on a stolid temperament, if the reality of such circumstances, in living experience, does not (as the lesson has taught) cause the soul to burn more sensibly against the oppressors, and the heart to yearn with greater tenderness for the afflicted.

Then, also, with regard to all the incidents in telling his story, how excellent are the works of Wilkie! "The Penny Wedding," and "Reading the Will," and "Blind Man's Buff," and "The Village Festival," can only be matched by such treasures of art as Maclise's "Irish Snap-Apple Night," Frith's "Ramsgate," or "Epsom Downs," or a masterpiece of the admirable artist whom we have lately lost, Mulready, each a *chef d'œuvre* of a famous hand. And if we look for a composition of the most perfect dramatic interest—a bit of canvas, to read through every minute part as if they were printed words and lines and pages in a captivating volume—we have only to sit down before the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," and remember that, since Hogarth's "March of the Guards to Finchley," there has been no such achievement of the same merit among all the paintings of Europe. I will not here speak of "The Queen's First Council," "The Maid of Saragossa," and other performances in different styles, but drop at once from the great artist to the small Fifehire boy.

Davie Wilkie was the son of the minister of Cults and of—I forget the name, but it is of little consequence. As it is the fashion now-a-days, to ascribe all the attributes of extraordinary men to the fountain-head of Mother, it may be well to mention that Davie's mamma was not a remarkably clever woman—not even strong-minded, nor gifted with any capacity beyond being a staid and worthy minister's wife, a good neighbour, and very

douce and undemonstrative in her manners—as, indeed, her celebrated son was, in the height of his fair fortune, renown, and popularity. So far he inherited on the maternal side, and there was no “contrariwise” infusion of the blood from the paternal origin: his father being a becomingly decent and very respectable clergyman. His first, and I should surmise almost his only, perturbations with respect to the young Davie arose from his having to scold him for his addiction to the spoiling of paper by scribbling pictures, instead of giving all his time to more profitable employment. Yet, sooth to say, the practice was not so unremunerative as might be supposed; for at ten or twelve years of age, or perhaps even earlier, Davie was in the habit of selling his pictures to his schoolfellows for pence and halfpence, which enabled him to provide materials for himself without trenching on his father’s stationery or purse for cartoons and colours. My informant, a near neighbour and contemporary, has seen many of these drawings. They were in water-colours, and he remembers one specimen which left the most vivid impression upon his mind, viz., a “Recruiting Sergeant,” which for fidelity and character afforded the fairest promise of the future Royal Academician. Several other subjects were in the possession of the family of Cockburn, who resided near Pitlessie (the village adjacent to Culter), and who preserved them some years; but whither they have gone, or whether still in existence, are questions I have no means of answering. They led, however, to the painter’s first grand essay in oil, and “Pitlessie Fair” fixed him in the professional groove of the Fine Arts for life. His studies for this grand essay were chiefly portraits of his own relatives and acquaintances, and caricatures of the elders and grave members of the Kirk; and these, mingled with familiar rustics and noticeable characters, gave the Fair so loud a local fame that his father’s doubts were vanquished. He gave in to Davie’s education as an artist.

At the age of twenty years Wilkie had so distinguished himself in the Edinburgh school, as to assure those who directed his studies of his future eminence, should no casualty intervene to blight the manifest promise. He was advised to “push his fortune in London,” and to London he came, where he found a friendly reception from a distant relative, I believe, of the same name, and who had been a fellow-student with his father at St. Andrew’s in older times. This gentleman had seen much service in the navy, and was now a navy agent residing in Lambeth, with an office in one of the streets from the Strand to the river. Under his auspices, and with his advice, the young Scottish aspirant was more readily planted, and took root with fewer obstacles to overcome than is usual in the crowded soil of the metropolis. He had his struggle, no doubt; but, chiefly owing to the genial introduction, it was neither so fierce nor so prolonged as is commonly the case with the generality of his countrymen—or, indeed, of almost all provincial adventurers—who rush to fight their way to fortune or fame in the mighty mart of vehement competition. It is true that his first public effort was not so liberally encouraged as it ought to have been by wealthy patrons; but it made its mark on the better judges of art, and attracted wide popular favour. Thence opinion grew, and prices rose with every new exhibition, and the “Village Politicians” obviously opened, and the “Blind Fiddler” clearly led his way into the rank of a Royal Academician, which he attained within little more than five years after his *coup d’essai* on the wall of Somerset House. Thenceforward his course lay only on a higher range, but was hardly more equable and satisfactory than it had been

before. He held on the even though ascending tenor of his way, receiving tribute in the shape of round sums of “good red gold” for his works, and royal commissions, and appointments, and honours, as he advanced himself to the topmost step in the ladder of artistic ambition.

The election of president, on the death of Sir Martin Shee, hung (I had reason to suppose) nearly poised on the balance with the accomplished inheritor of that title, and the issue was decided by the idea (entertained especially after the elegance of Lawrence and the eloquence of Shee) that oratory was a needful quality in the head of the Academy, and that Wilkie was not distinguished by any extraordinary aptitude for making capital speeches.

To revert, however, to his chronological course whilst fortunately pursuing it under flowing sail: the failure of a very near relative, for whom he had become security, and who died leaving a widow and family in great distress, involved him in considerable pecuniary loss; and, what was still worse, so deeply affected his health, that he was glad to seek in foreign travel and a wider scope for improvement in his art, a relief from the depression of mind occasioned by this calamitous visitation. During this tour in Italy, Spain, and France, which occupied three years, he seemed to have been particularly attracted by the Spanish painters, and, in Spain, became so fascinated with their productions, especially with those of Velasquez and Murillo, as to be induced to adopt a new style, more akin to theirs, and very different from that in which he had been so pre-eminently successful. In this there was a great deal to admire; but still, it must be owned it could not be compared with his own native and original manner. Some time after, I had the pleasure of traversing a portion of Ireland in his company, and he was as enthusiastic in his studies of Irish nationalities as he had previously been in adopting the Spanish type wherein to represent them. The anomaly was curious, and to witness the exercise of his pencil in gathering data for its development a source of frequent and precious delight. I grieved when he quitted me upon the Shannon, to dive into the wilds of Connaught, and paint Irish stills in the manner of Velasquez.

Abroad and at home Wilkie was ever the same. Tall and slightly *gauche*, he was frank and straightforward, and open as the day. There was, indeed, a simplicity in his character which tended to make society his friends. It appeared to the worldly wise that it would be something like a scandal to resort to deceit, in order to impose upon so unguarded a nature; but they were not quite correct in their reckoning, for Sir David had enough of the “canny Scot” about him for self-defence. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at. As in art he was gifted with the finest perceptions—the foundation of a highly cultivated judgment—so in the business of life his astute sagacity served faithfully as a guide to save him from a rash reliance on appearances, and too ready confidence in words and professions. His own firm integrity, too, was a powerful shield against the temptations to error. Wilkie was prudent, not distrustful. He was also rather grave, or undemonstrative in his demeanour; and even when he appeared at evening parties he might have been mistaken for a Dominic Samson. Yet sometimes Sir David would astonish his young friends by a specimen of a Scottish dance, a reminiscence of his earlier flings—double quick, over the buckle—and I know not what other strange frisks and capering vagaries.

Mild and unassuming—I dare say his behaviour at court was all that etiquette could demand; but I will answer for it that, after his appointments and commis-

sions brought him into the personal observation of our much-loved and honoured Queen, her Majesty had not within her realm a more loyal and devoted subject than Sir David Wilkie. I never met with an attachment of the kind so overwhelming. It became literally a passion, the ruling passion of his art-life. To paint, and repeat, and repeat the royal portrait was his boundless delight. When the order was received all else was thrown aside, and a canvas worth a large sum, within a few touches of completeness, would be left unfinished (perhaps much injured) till the last touches were bestowed on the elaborate whole-length, which was to adorn the palace of some continental prince, to whom it was quite immaterial whether it was presented in that year or five years later. As if bound by being the royal Painter in Ordinary, it was his sole unintermitted occupation till it was done, and his gracious sovereign's order fulfilled. He was generally fond of society (limited), but on these occasions hardly any entreaty could prevail on him for even a few evening hours to forego his almost idolatrous devotion to his painting.

Much moved thereto by motives in which art was really subordinate to religious sentiment, Wilkie, like his celebrated countryman and contemporary, David Roberts, departed from us on a journey to Egypt and the Holy Land. It is above twenty years ago, yet I remember his farewell as if yesterday. He was high in heart and full of hope, and spoke of the sacred treasures he would bring back—the illustrations of the Scriptures and the relics of ancient times. Ah! had he never heard, or had he forgotten the Spanish proverb, "Man says, 'Thus and thus;' Heaven answers, 'Not so, not so;'" or the more frequent apothegm, "Man proposes, but God disposes." He passed onward, and returned no more.

An account of his richly-stored portfolio, brought home by his travelling companion, Mr. W. Woodburn, does not fall within my plan. The last work he executed before he sailed for Alexandria for Europe, was a portrait of Mehemet Ali, the potentate of Egypt. At Malta (as everywhere else where he was recognised) he was honoured and *fêted*, and unhappily indulged too freely in the cooling refreshment of fruit and ices. An indisposition of apparently no threatening danger was the consequence; but, on the medical aid on board the vessel being called for, it was found that the symptoms were mortal, and in two hours he expired. The dread of the plague on shore, and the safety of eighty passengers on board, forbade the burial or preservation of the body; and, with mutilated rites, it was, without delay, consigned to the keeping of the mighty sea in the bay off Gibraltar. That rock will be a monument many a time and oft to recall to the mourning voyager the fate of our lamented artist—with the means just gathered and a new harvest of glory patent before him—in the midst of such a labour of love, at an age of unimpaired corporal and intellectual vigour (55)—a life sweetened by every circumstance that could be craved for human happiness, suddenly cut off and disappearing like the baseless fabric of a vision, without a trace, a momentary ripple on the vast expanse of ocean. To me it seems like a shadowy dream; and even whilst I write—stimulated, perhaps, by my subject—I can hardly persuade myself that the stalwart form of the dead, yet alive and in health, bronzed by the Syrian sun, may not enter and approach me with the honest outstretched hand, and speak—oh, that I could hear it!—of Jerusalem, and Horeb, and Galilee!

When the sad news was received, a meeting at the "Thatched House" was held, Sir Robert Peel in the

chair, and a subscription for a statue to commemorate the genius of Wilkie entered into. Above a thousand pounds was subscribed, and the statue now in the hall of the National Gallery is the result. The likeness, I believe, is from a bust by Joseph; but the figure looks small, and would not suit St. Paul's Cathedral, where it was at one time proposed to place it. The editor of the "Literary Gazette" suggested the application of any surplus fund to the award of an annual Wilkie medal towards the encouragement of that branch of the art in which he so brightly shone; but the idea was not adopted, if, indeed, there were means to carry it into effect. How deeply Wilkie loved it, and how deserving it was of his love, may be gathered from the glowing affection with which he regarded the Murillos in Madrid and Seville, and how justly he estimated one like himself, whose works were alike the admiration of the learned and the unlearned—thus eracranularly writing: "Far be it from us to envy the taste of those who despise, in matters of art, the sympathy of the untutored mind; when unoccasioned by trick or deception, it is, perhaps, the most lasting evidence of the power of true excellence." I cannot conclude more appropriately than by adding another canon of sound art criticism which Wilkie quotes from Sir George Beaumont: "White is not light, and detail is not finish." The latter truth seems quite unknown to some of the miserable triflers of the pre-Raphaelite school.

ARCHDEACON ROBERT NARES.

Man casts a retrospect over his past life; and however incessantly its concerns may have pressed, and however busily he may have devoted himself to them, he will find himself but one of the multitude, who, if occupied with earthly pursuits alone, have to exclaim, *omnia vanitas!* The precious time has been wasted—this world's works and plans must be broken off unfinished! The ardent sacrificer to literary labours, and projector of literary designs, affords a very striking example of this truth. None more so. Excepting, perhaps, the one in a thousand, productions of sterling value for future ages, the most popular successes last for a generation at most. The book-drudge, who never emerges from the bondage of compilation; the poet, well gifted with all but genius; the scholar of good education and general talent; the temporary essayist and illustrator of passing circumstances; the sensation novelist, scantily acquainted with society, and ignorant of the springs of human action; the acrobats of the periodical press, whose clever aim it is—individually or in cliques—to keep themselves continually before the public; all have their little day, and pass away, to be heard of no more. We look around for the permanent, almost in vain. But our sight is blinded by the enormous profusion of what is termed light literature, which fills the air, and drifts away from our transient glance into the misty void: or, we attempt to lift the heavier products of the press, most of which fall from over-laden hands, prone to a kindred soil, and are speedily trodden into the quagmire of oblivion. Some of such things might be more noticeable and a little longer lived in former times, when the supply was not so superabundant, nor the rapidity of sequence so bewildering; but as it is, we can hardly snatch the minutes, to enable us to observe the bubbles as they rise, or the froth that disappears before it can be stared at; and as for the

* Sir George Beaumont, with Sir Abraham Hume and Sir Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough, formed a most accomplished trio as connoisseurs and patrons of the British school. For munificence, founded on pure taste, Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, stood foremost among all in the encouragement of our National Arts.

grosser ventures (as above remarked), most of them sink down at once, down fathoms beneath ken, before even sheer curiosity can examine them.

My friend Archdeacon Nares, belonging to the preceding generation, might also have belonged to one of these classes, and most of his literary toil has perished; but he fortunately compiled a dictionary, the interest and merits of which will transmit his name with honour to a late posterity. In this "Glossary" he approved himself a diligent inquirer and accomplished scholar, and its recent new edition, edited by J. O. Halliwell and T. Wright, is an invaluable treasure of critical literature and research, and a copious guide to the due understanding of the elder schools of "English authors, particularly of Shakespeare and his contemporaries." Upon this pedestal his statue will stand, while the images of many who have followed in his steps, in other respects, shall have faded like the visions of the night. He contributed a good deal to theological discussion, and was eminent as a critic. In the former he was temperate, though firm in his high-church opinions, and moderate in his language: and that is all I need indicate in this place; for the latter, he was astute and discriminating, honest in stating his grounds for praise or censure, impartial in his judgments. In conjunction with Mr Beloe, he commenced the "British Critic" in 1793, and was long its principal editor; and it may be recorded, for the benefit of living reviewers, that when he relinquished his task, he wrote, "I am heartily glad to be rid of a work always responsible and never thanked." The art of true criticism is, indeed, both laborious and difficult. Few come up to the standard laid down by Plumer Ward (another of the marked men I have known): "As the judge in law pronounces sentence with dignity, and can never be personal without lowering his character, so the judge of authors can never call names without forfeiting his judicial function." It were well if this were more thought of, and the public might escape much of the crude nonsense, ambitious verbiage, and partial flattery or unjust abuse (as the case may be, chosen for either vehicle), with which it is galled or bored from so many sources of silly or prejudiced opinion. And, *apropos* to the word as explained in Nares' "Glossary," we learn that "*critick* means a piece of criticism, now called a *critique*. Also the art of criticism itself. The alteration of this word took place very lately. Dryden wrote it *critick*; Pope adopted the new orthography, but preserved the old accent, which I believe was the practice of his time—

* But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a *critique* on the last."

In his *Elements of Orthoepey*, the author has treated this and other cognate topics more fully, and set the useful literary example which Dean Trench has so ably followed and enlarged upon.

In early life, after leaving Oxford with distinction, Mr. Nares was engaged as tutor in the eminent Welsh family of the Wynns, with the chiefs and scions of which he maintained intimate and friendly relations to the end of his life. Still earlier, in his boyhood and adolescent years, he had been brought up among the intellectual associates of his father, the learned and celebrated musical doctor, whose genius recommended him to the highest positions in his profession, including royal patronage, as organist and composer to his Majesty George III; and from the habits and manners hence acquired in his youth, there resulted a most agreeable impersonation of what we moderns designate as "of the old school"—a little formal, without formality; a little reserved, though freely outspoken; docile yet firm; amiably tolerant, ever polite

and courteous, and captivating in conversation and daily intercourse; pouring the elements of comprehensive learning into charmed and listening ears, without the slightest affectation or display. Twelve years spent as librarian in the manuscript department of the British Museum helped to heap up the measure of a career which was completely literary, and set him high among his compeers as an ornament to the class. His scholarship was evinced in the various lines to which he turned his attention and devoted his pen. As a clergyman, his piety was sincere and unostentatious, and as a critic his views were powerful; but his main strength lay in classical literature and philology. Upon the latter especially he was a great and leading authority; and his public works show his mastery of the subject in several of its most perplexing branches. Above all, his taste was nicely refined. In the arts, as in the qualities of literary style, composition, and effect, his opinions were entitled to the utmost deference; and, in personal contact with him, his delicacy, amounting to fastidiousness, was often amusing. Whilst throwing his clear light upon the obsolete language and customs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was curious to see him examining the data, and shrinking, as it were with inborn modesty, from every vulgar phrase or indecorous allusion. There was an innate purity about him, which forbade his too close investigation of any point from which he was at once repelled by its obvious coarseness or indecency. He reformed it altogether; and his very miscellaneous writings do not present a single trait of thoughtless license in drawing a faithful picture of the literature of the Elizabethan age. This literature was much and often blotted by the utterance of licentiousness—not repugnant to the manners and feelings of the period, though "tolerable and not to be endured" in our happily more circumspect and modest age. In short, he was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and the cynosure of a wide circle of admiring and attached friends. Indeed, he was most estimable in all social relations. Simply attentive, or lively and intelligent, or grave and instructive, as occasion required, he was a companion of multiform attractions. In company with such men as the learned Bishop Burgess, Dr. Gray, Bishop of Bristol, Douce, Isaac d'Israeli, Baber, Macintosh, and others of like high stamp, he shone among the foremost. Thus he wore away thirty-six years in harness; was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Literature; and, preserved in health of body and peace of mind till near the end, he departed, in the year 1829, aged seventy-five, deeply deplored by every human being who had enjoyed the privilege to know and commune with him on any terms of personal intimacy.

GENEVA DEFYING ROME.*

THE Bishop of Geneva having fled (A.D. 1527) from his bishopric like a hireling—the prince having run away from his principality like a conspirator—the citizens resolved to take measures for preserving order in the State, and to make the constitution at once stronger and more independent. The general council delegated to the three councils of Twenty-five, Sixty, and Two-Hundred the duty of carrying on the necessary business, except in such important affairs as required the convo-

* The Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Longman and Co. This work, while forming part of the author's series of historical treatises on the Reformation in the sixteenth century, will be complete in itself, and will be the standard book of reference on all matters relating to the origin of the Reformed as distinguished from the Lutheran Churches.



ROMISH PROCESSION BURLESQUED BY THE GENEVANS.

cation of the people. A secret council was also appointed, composed of the four syndics and of six of the most decided Huguenots.

The bishop had hardly disappeared from Geneva when the insignia of ducal power disappeared also. Eight years before this, Charles III had caused the white cross of Savoy, carved in marble, to be placed on the Château de l'Île, "at which the friends of liberty were much grieved." "I have placed my arms in the middle of the city as a mark of sovereignty," he had said haughtily, "and have had them carved in hard stone. Let the people efface them if they dare!" On the morning of the 6th of August (five days after the bishop's flight), some people who were passing near the castle perceived, to their great astonishment, that the ducal arms had disappeared. . . A crowd soon gathered to the spot, and a lively discussion arose. Who did it? was the general question. "Oh!" replied some, "the stone has accidentally fallen into the river;" but although the water was clear, no one could see it. "It was you," said the duke's partisans to the Huguenots, "and you have hidden it somewhere." Bonivard, who stood thoughtful in the midst of the crowd, said at last: "I know the culprit." "Who is it? who is it?" "St. Peter," he replied. "As patron of Geneva, he is unwilling that a secular prince should have any ensign of authority in his city." This incident, the authors of which were never known, made

a great impression, and the most serious persons exclaimed: "Truly, it is a visible sign, announcing to us a secret and mysterious decision of the Most High. What the hand of God hath thrown down, let not hand of man set up again."

The Genevans wanted neither duke nor bishop; they went farther still, and being harassed by the court of Rome, they were going to show that they did not care for the pope. They had hardly done talking of La Baume's flight and of the Savoy escutcheon, when they were told strange news. A report was circulated that an excommunication and interdict had been pronounced against them, at the request of the Mamelukes. This greatly excited such citizens as were still attached to the Roman worship. "What!" said they; "the priests will be suspended from their functions, the people deprived of the benefit of the sacraments, divine worship, and consecrated burial . . . innocent and guilty will be involved in one common misery." . . . But the energy of the Huguenots, whom long combats had hardened like steel, was not to be weakened by this new attack. The most determined of them resolved to turn against Rome the measure plotted against Geneva. The council, being resolved to prevent the excommunication from being placarded in the streets, ordered "a strict watch to be kept at the bridge of Arve, about St. Victor and St. Leger, and that the gates should be shut early and

opened late." This was not enough. Five days later (the 29th of December, 1527), the people, lawfully assembled, caused the *Golden Bull* to be read aloud before them, which ordered that, with the exception of the emperor and the bishop, there should be no authority in Geneva. Then a daring proposition was made to the general council, namely, "that no metropolitan letters, and further still no apostolical letters (that is to say, no decrees emanating from the pope's courts), should be executed by any priest or any citizen." "Agreed, agreed!" shouted everybody. It would seem that the vote was almost unanimous. In this way the bishop on the banks of the Tiber found men prepared to resist him on the obscure banks of the Leman.

This vote alarmed a few timid persons of a traditional tendency. Advocates of the *status quo* entreated the progressionists to restrain themselves; but the latter had no wish to do so. They answered that the Reformation was triumphing among the Swiss; that Zwingle, Cœcolampadius, and Haller were preaching with daily increasing success at Zurich, Basle, and Berne. They added, that on the 7th of January, 1528, the famous discussion had begun in the last-named city, and that the Holy Scriptures had gained the victory; that the altars and images had been thrown down "with the consent of the people;" that a spiritual worship had been substituted in their place, and that all, including children fourteen years old, had sworn to observe "the Lutheran law." The Huguenots thought that if excommunication came to them from Rome, absolution would come to them from Berne—or rather from heaven.

The more light-hearted among them went further than this. For ages the Roman Church had accustomed its followers to unite masquerades with the most sacred recollections. In some cantons there had been great rejoicings over the abolition of the mass. Such a fire could not be kindled in Switzerland without scattering a few sparks over Geneva. Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, a great enemy to superstition, an active and even turbulent man, and daring enough to attempt anything, resolved to organize a funeral procession of the papacy. He would attack Rome with the weapons that the Roman carnival supplied him, and would arrange a great procession. Whilst serious men were reading the epistle from heaven (the Gospel), which absolved them from the excommunication of its pretended vicar, the young and thoughtless were in great excitement; they dressed themselves in their houses in the strangest manner; they disguised themselves, some as priests, some as canons, and others as monks; they came out, met together, drew up in line, and soon began to march through the streets of the city. There were white friars, grey friars, and black friars, fat canons, and thin curates. One was begging, another chanting; here was one scourging himself, there another strutting solemnly along; here a man carrying a hair shirt, there a man with a bottle. Some indulged in acts of outrageous buffoonery; others, the more completely to imitate the monks, went so far as to take liberties with the women who were looking on, and when some fat friar thus made any burlesque gesture, there was loud applause, and the crowd exclaimed: "That is not the worst they do." In truth, the reality was more culpable than the burlesque. When they saw this tumultuous procession, and heard the doleful chanting, mingled with noisy roars of laughter, every one said that popery was dying, and singing its *De profundis*, its burial anthem.

The priests took the jest in very bad part, and the procession was hardly over before they hurried, flushed with anger, to complain to the syndics of "the emity

raised against them by Baudichon and others." The syndics referred their complaint to the episcopal council, and the latter severely reprimanded the offenders. But Maison-Neuve and his friends withdrew, fully convinced that the priests were in the wrong, and that the victory would ultimately be on their side.

They were beginning in Geneva to estimate a papal excommunication at its proper value. No one knew more on this subject than Bonivard, and he instructed his best friends on this difficult text. Among the number was François Favre, a man of ardent character, prompt wit, and rather worldly manners, but a good citizen and determined Huguenot. Favre was one day, on a famous occasion, to be at the head of Bonivard's liberators. He went sometimes to the priory, where he often met Robert Vandel, a man of less decision than his two friends. Vandel, who still kept on good terms with the bishop, was at heart one of the most independent of men, and Bonivard had made him governor of the domain of St. Victor.

These Genevans and others continued the conversations that Bonivard had formerly had with Berthelier in the same room and at the same table. They spoke of Berne, of Geneva, of Switzerland, of the Reformation, and of excommunication. Bonivard found ere-long a special opportunity of enlightening his two friends on the acts of the Romish priesthood.

There was no one in Geneva whom the papal party detested more than him. The ultramontanists could understand why lawyers and citizens opposed the clergy; but a prior! . . . His enemies, therefore, formed the project of seizing the estates of St. Victor, and of expelling Bonivard from the monastery. The Huguenots, on hearing of this, ardently espoused his cause, and the council gave him, for his protection (20th of January, 1528), six arquebuses and four pounds of gunpowder. These were hardly monastic weapons; but the impetuous Favre hastened to offer him his heart and his arm; and, to say the truth, Bonivard in case of need could have made very good use of an arquebuse. He had recourse, however, to other defenders; he resolved to go and plead his cause before the League. But this was not without danger; for the duke's agents might seize him on the road, as he afterwards had the misfortune to know. Favre, ever ready to go where there was any risk to be run, offered to accompany him to Berne. Vandel had to go as governor of St. Victor: they set off. Arriving at a village in the Pays de Vaud, the three Huguenots dismounted and took a stroll while their horses were resting. Bonivard, as he was riding along, had noticed some large placards on the doors of the churches, and being curious to know what they were about, he went up to them, and immediately called his friends: "Come here," he said; "here are some curious things—letters of excommunication." He was beginning to read them, when one of his companions cried out: "Stop! for as soon as you have read them, you will thereby be excommunicate!" The worthy Huguenot imagined that the best plan was to know nothing about such anathemas, and then to act as if the excommunication did not exist—which could not be done if they were read. Bonivard, a man of great good sense, profited by the opportunity to explain to his friends what these earthly excommunications were worth. "If you have done what is wrong," he told them, "God himself excommunicates you; but if you have acted rightly, the excommunication of priests can do you no harm. There is only one tribunal which has power over the conscience, and that is heaven. The pope and the devil hurt only those who are afraid of them. Do therefore what is

right, and fear nothing. The bolts which they may hurl at you will be spent in the air." Then he added with a smile: "If the pope or the metropolitan of Vienne excommunicate you, pope Berthold of Berne will give you absolution." Bonivard's words were repeated in Geneva, and the papal excommunications lost credit every day.

This became alarming: the episcopal officers informed the bishop; but the latter, who was enjoying himself in his Burgundian benefices, put aside everything that might disturb his meals and his repose. It was not the same with the duke and his ministers. That prince was not content with coveting the prelate's temporal power; looking upon La Baume as already dispossessed of his rights, he made himself bishop, nay almost pope, in his place. The cabinet of Turin thought that if the principles of civil liberty once combined with those of religious liberty, Geneva would attempt to reform Savoy by means of conversations, letters, books, and missionaries. Charles III therefore sent a message to the council, which was read in the Two-Hundred on the 7th of February. "I hear," said the prince, "that the Lutheran sect is making way among you. . . Make haste to prevent the ravages of that pestilence, and to that intent, send on the 17th two men empowered by you to hear some very important things concerning *my authority in matters of faith.*"

What would the Genevans answer? If a bishop is made prince, why should not a prince be made bishop? The confusion of the two provinces is a source of continual disturbance. Christianity cannot tolerate either Caesars who are popes, or popes who are Caesars; and yet ambition is always endeavouring to unite these two irreconcilable powers. The duke did not presume to abolish definitively the episcopal power and confer it on himself; but he wished to take advantage of the bishop's flight to acquire an influence which he would be able to retain when the episcopal authority was restored. He spoke, therefore, like a Roman pontiff, of his authority in matters of faith.

"Really," said the council, "we have had enough and too much even of one pope, and we do not care to have two—one at Rome and the other at our very gates." The citizens were so irritated at Charles's singular claim, that they did not return an answer in the usual form. "We will not write to the duke," said the syndics: "we will delegate no one to him, seeing that we are not his subjects; but we will simply tell the bearer of his letter that *we are going on very well*, and that the duke, having no authority to correct us, ought to *mind his own business.*" Such is the minute recorded in the council register for this day. As for La Baume, the poor prelate, who did not trouble himself much either about pope or Lutheranism, wrote the same day to the Genevans, that he permitted them "to eat milk-food during the coming Lent." This culinary permission was quite in his way, and it was the most important missive from the bishop at that time.

RAMBLES OF AN AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL INSPECTOR.

XI.—THE KANGAROO GROUND.

THERE are some curious geological cases in Australia, as well as in the Sahara. From amidst a realm of partial sterility will suddenly arise a little garden of beauty. This is strikingly conspicuous in the upland region. There the non-productive palaeozoic rocks prevail, and their *débris* furnish soil but for the feeble grass beneath the stringy-bark forest; but wherever the volcanic ele-

ment is found, the change is as sudden as pleasing. Upon basaltic hills the trees are more varied in kind and luxuriant in growth, and in the basaltic hollows the richest of verdure and closest of herbage give promise of abundant crops to the farmer.

It was such a place as this that met my eye after riding over the shingle roads and through harsh-looking forests of a silicious slate country. Only an occasional attempt at cultivation was made, and that in the most favourable glens, with but gloomy prospects; but a turn in the road brought me suddenly into smiling fields and blooming gardens, with not an acre lost in wood or bush pasture.

In the early days of the colony a man was seeking a "run" for a flock, and was about to turn disheartened from his tour, when he suddenly fell in with this charming spot, and saw its rich grass grazed over by a mob of kangaroos. He returned to tell a tale of this Kangaroo Ground.

But I found a moral oasis as well as a physical one: a good school was there.

It so happened that a Scotchman was lucky enough to buy most of this "ground," and by cutting up his own section of six hundred and forty acres among his countrymen, and inducing other Northmen to settle, the whole of this fertile district (itself but four square miles in extent) was monopolized by the sons of Old Scotia.

Such a people, however ardent in the pursuit of wealth, and cut off from civilization by an intervening country of a most impracticable kind for travelling, would not be long without provision for religious ordinances and the means of instruction for youth. A building was erected to serve both purposes; it was rudely constructed of slabs of timber and sapling logs, covered up partially with mud to stop the wind-holes. A house for the schoolmaster was next in order; and, with successive additions, very suitable premises for the bush were there established. The garden-ground of the institution, also a free gift of the people, was in admirable order, and aided materially the finances and comforts of the teacher.

Considerable difficulty exists in the colonies generally, but in sparsely populated districts particularly, in carrying out a scheme of public instruction; because of the mixture of Protestants and Roman Catholics.

The Irish national system does not please the Protestant minister nor the Catholic priest, who both see no provision for the religious instruction of the youth of their communion unless they themselves attend the school to communicate it. Such a duty, in the peculiar circumstances of the colony, is next to impossible, except in large towns, as a clergyman may have charge of a district several miles in extent. Many Protestants would be content with the adoption of any school where the Bible was read, without respect to the denomination under whose auspices it was formed.

The government try to meet the difficulty by authorizing the establishment of schools by any Protestant body or by the Catholic church, permitting any creed to be taught therein, but providing that no children be required to read a book or attend religious instruction to which their parents have conscientious objections. Still, this does not remove the suspicion of undue influence or unfair advantage; and although I frequently met with Protestants in Catholic schools, and more frequently Catholics in Protestant schools, a natural jealousy exists, and the master feels himself hindered in the freedom of his instruction, or is tempted to proselytize.

But in the Kangaroo Ground no such inconvenience was felt, as the population was absolutely Protestant.

The school was essentially Scotch, where the Assembly's Catechism could be introduced without any interference with the rights of conscience. While the Presbyterian clergy will often require the Catechism to be used in their schools, and the Roman Catholics always, it is very rarely that the Episcopalians insist upon the teaching of their own peculiar tenets; and I knew no instance in my district of the Wesleyan Catechism being found in a day school. But this may arise from the superior gregariousness of the Scotch and Irish, and the stronger observance of national customs; the Englishman quietly shakes off his own peculiarities.

Thus the Presbyterian school is always for a Scotch community, and a Catholic school for an Irish one. English schools, though nominally sectarian, are practically open. In the largest Church of England school in Victoria, not one half the children belong to the Episcopalian body. In one Wesleyan school in the bush, I found, to my astonishment, that thirty out of seventy-six upon the roll were Roman Catholics, and these were not required to read in the Scriptures. The subsequent establishment of another school by the priest, though diminishing the income of the original institution of the township, did certainly give freer scope to its training system. In a district where the majority was Irish, the Protestants attended the Catholic school, without interference with their religious views. But, as in spite of governmental regulations, disputes will arise in these mixed schools, the Kangaroo Ground was preserved in peace by the uniformity of faith.

The farmers of that neighbourhood were not even satisfied with ordinary instruction, and that given by one of the ablest and most worthy masters in the colony, who conducted an evening as well as day school for the accommodation of the people; they demanded the establishment of an industrial school. They wisely saw, as agriculturists, the advantage of physical training for youth, and of a practical attention, under the eye of a suitable teacher, to improved modes of culture, a knowledge of agricultural chemistry, and all the appliances of high scientific farming.

At the time of my first visit, this industrial element had been grafted on the original school. The portion of land, however, in which the operations were to be conducted, was inadequate in extent, and inferior in character, as well as insufficiently provided with means for its cultivation. There was a scene attractive enough to the tourist—a wooded knoll, a romantic gorge, a trickling stream; but only severe toil and heavy outlay could make it even approximately of any advantage. It was a fine opportunity for employing science upon a bed of gravel and a flinty rock. But such experiments would be of little use to lads who had to live in a country where labour was high, and manure not easily obtained. With the growth of colonial public instruction, this attempt at an industrial school will resolve itself into a flourishing institution. At any rate, the boys could, even in that barren spot, vary their work of digging roots, in digging for gold, as the region around is an auriferous one, and yellow crystals have been found on those palæozoic hills of the farm.

To accommodate the scattered population, the master receives a number of boarders, where their corporeal well-being is consulted, as well as their moral and intellectual progress. A well assorted library is attached to the school. As an illustration of the habits of the Kangaroo Ground settlers, it is pleasing to record the existence there of that rare institution in the colonies—that of a *district library*. The books were generally, or perhaps, with the exception of a little poetry, absolutely of a

practical character, including history, science, travels, and religious literature.

Though no minister can be wholly supported by the few farmers, they are never without one Sabbath service from a neighbouring Presbyterian clergyman; but the pulpit is open for all Protestant ministers. The moral state of this isolated community would be highly satisfactory but for the presence, to some extent, of the curse of the bush—strong drink. As it is, however, few districts in Australia can compare with the Scotch settlement of the Kangaroo Grounds.

XII.—THE SCHOOL UNDER THE VOLCANO.

A vast forest wilderness lies between the settled parts of Victoria and South Australia. It creeps along the coast, and rises upward to the Murray and Darling rivers. The country is of a tertiary limestone, similar to that which extends with little intermission from Cape Howe, the south-eastern corner of the continent, along the coast of Victoria, the coast of South Australia, and onward for a thousand miles beyond, round Western Australia, stretching even toward the tropics, forming one of the most extensive formations in the world.

In most parts it is covered more or less with sand; thus it is, for all practical purposes, a desert. A rough wiry grass, some coarse timber, with an abundance of wild flowers, meet the eye; but the farmer turns despairingly from it. Where the sand disappears, and the rock shows itself, a greener, richer sward is found. Where this had long been free of the arid garb of sand, a soil was formed of the most fertile description. Trees of varied kinds grew in luxuriance, and an oasis of beauty arose. If not too far from a market, these spots are favourite resorts of Australian farmers. It was to one of these oases I came some four years ago.

I had wandered out of my course across the border of the colony, and came into South Australia to visit a school in that vast wilderness for the Adelaide inspector, as that gentleman had no school within nearly three hundred miles of this isolated place.

One hundred miles of dreary ride in a forest of about one thousand miles in extent brought me thither. I suffered much from thirst over that heavy sandy track. It was necessary to use the utmost vigilance fully to test my knowledge of woodcraft and to remember my compass, else I had rambled far away from my route. A few squatters, with their flocks and herds, were scattered through this waterless region. The accommodation on the way was rough enough for food and rest; and thirty miles is a long stage for horse and man to go without the bit and sup, and especially after hundreds of miles before.

A sudden change from the harsh stringy bark to the beautiful light-wood tree assured me that I had left the desert. The grass was high and good. Farms soon peeped out at me from amidst the foliage, and ere long I was taking my tea at a settler's pleasant home in the district of Mount Gambier.

The next morning I rode ten miles to the township, containing, perhaps, one hundred inhabitants, farmers and tradesmen. Throughout this oasis, for ten miles round, a number of other farmers raise their crops and feed their cattle. Most of them are Germans or Scotchmen; the former from the Adelaide side, and the latter from Portland, away in Victoria. Their nearest market is Portland, a fearful road through the sandy waste for sixty miles; thence their produce is shipped off to the colonial capitals.

So long isolated from civilization as to be for several

years without the visit of a clergyman of any kind, they have not wholly neglected their religious interests. The Germans met for Sabbath service among themselves.

At the time of my call at the Mount, the Protestants held a Sunday-school in one part of the day, and then assembled for a sort of prayer-meeting. The worship was hearty, if rude. The old schoolmaster gave out the psalms and led the tune off with some children. As the stranger, I was urged to take the good Book and read a few verses. It pleased the parents that their children got a little kind counsel.

Other moral associations were not wanting. A Total Abstinence society had been established by the teacher: it was needed there.

The school is at the foot of an extinct volcano. Ages ago subterranean fires broke through the limestone coast of south-eastern South Australia, as they had done in Western Victoria. The lava streams rose in hissing volumes. Walls of cinder stand as monuments of that eruptive past. Showers of burning ashes fell upon the country, and built around the crater the present mount. Three lakes of transparent water now occupy the basins from which this volcanic fury burst. One of them is reached by a perilous descent of some hundreds of feet, and is found to contain water to a depth of nearly three hundred feet more.

A smiling township of farms and gardens now occupies the space once hissing with eruptive convulsions. The schoolroom, with its exponents of gentleness and goodness, seems to present a striking contrast to the destructive agency so near. And yet, but for the upheaval of the limestone bed, and the clothing of its bareness by the rich volcanic dust instead of the barren sea sand, this district would not now be the oasis of beauty.

Rough slabs of timber roughly put together make the sides of the building. Numerous apertures in the walls and roof do not increase the comfort of the school, though aiding in its ventilation so freely. The floor is nearly as rough as the sides, and by no means in order for a carpet. The furniture was in keeping with this rustic simplicity. But I could not expect great progress of civilization in the schoolroom, when I found the inhabitants of this distant oasis grinding their corn by hand, as others do in Central Africa, or as they did four thousand years ago. The worthy doctor of the country, however, whom physic could not keep, but whose little farm does more for him than fees, was endeavouring to improve the handmill by some mechanical contrivances.

The children were well taught in the essential branches of instruction. As to natural history, they could study that in the country around; as for geology, there was the mount for the ingenious, and a splendid cave close to the school door gave capital lessons on stratifications and the formation of flinty layers.

The South Australian system of public instruction differs somewhat from that in Victoria. Having very few Roman Catholics, they have there less occasion for the Irish national system, and the Denominational school system, than in the golden land—where, formerly, nearly one-third of the population belonged to the Church of Rome.

In the preamble of the "Adelaide Act," it is stated, "And be it enacted, that in schools established, or to be established, under the provisions of this Act, the aim shall be to introduce and maintain good secular instruction, based on the Christian religion, apart from all theological and controversial difference on discipline and doctrine, and that no Denominational catechism be used."

In spite of the protest of the Roman Catholic bishop, it was ordered that in every public school of South Australia a chapter from the Old Testament be read by the master every morning, and one from the New Testament every afternoon.

The master of this academy of the wilds was a curious type of the old school of teachers; his zeal in temperance and religion had raised him an enemy in the chief proprietor of the township proper, who was the publican. Some representations were made as to his want in literature. I was persuaded, however, that he knew more than his pupils could stay to learn; and, if his knowledge was less than others, his moral power was greater. In such a place, where the teacher stood forward as the only exemplar of the virtues, and the exponent of religion, it was of more consequence to have a man of years and Christian integrity, than a clever young fellow fresh from a normal college, but with an unformed character.

The simplicity of this good man won my regard. His very blunderings provoked a smile rather than a reproach. His singing demonstration in school was less remarkable for harmony than noise; but, as it pleased the children, satisfied the people, and exalted the master, any criticisms of mine would have been unkind and useless. The man was performing a good work in an unostentatious way. He had been for so many years buried in the bush, as to be a sort of relic of a bygone civilization. Still, as he loved the dear children, taught them what was sufficient, and pleaded with them tearfully and lovingly to act as lambs of Christ's flock, his ungainly gait, his grotesque dress, and his lack of science, may be smiled at and forgiven. As the old man would shuffle along beside my horse for miles through the forest wilderness, when homeward bound, and thanked me for my sympathy, I could not but feel my heart drawn out toward him, and to the dear little folk of the school at the foot of the old volcano.

MILK—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

Few persons, perhaps, have an adequate idea of the quantity of milk, or of what passes for milk, which is daily consumed in London. On a moderate calculation, and making no allowance for adulteration, it cannot be less than the produce of 120,000 cows, which is as many as would cover a pathway one hundred and fifty miles in length, supposing them to be arranged in single file as close as they could stand. Many thousand gallons, though but a small portion compared with the whole consumption, are supplied by the keepers of stall-fed cows, located within the metropolis or its suburbs. That this home produce is the worst and least wholesome portion of the milk consumed by Londoners, there can be no doubt. It is absurd to suppose that cows shut up for months, and sometimes for a year together, in stalls or sheds, where they can exercise no choice in the selection of their food, but must eat and drink what is given them, can yield a fluid at all comparable to that secreted by animals who roam the free pastures and crop the grasses they most affect. In confinement in cities, cows rarely escape disease for any length of time; and it has been shown by evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that notwithstanding their diseased condition, it is usual to milk them for the market as long as it is possible to do so. "I saw," says Mr. A. Normandy, in giving his evidence on this subject, "a spectacle which prevented me from tasting milk for six months. I saw from thirty to forty cows in the most disgusting condition one can possibly conceive—full of ulcers; their

trats in a most horribly ulcerated condition, and their legs also full of tumours and abscesses; in fact, it was terrible to look at; and the fellow was milking these poor cows in the midst of all this abomination. I have understood since that this is by no means an exception, but that the animals of a great many cow-keepers are in the same condition. I have no doubt that you have a mixture of diseased matter introduced into the milk." We can endorse this gentleman's statements from our own observation, and, indeed, were it necessary to do so, could set down facts of a still more aggravated complexion, to which we have been witness.

This state of affairs, in connection with one of the most important articles of the public diet, has been long known to our legislating bodies; but, beyond making the facts public in blue-books, they have never done anything towards effecting a reformation. It is true that the publication of the facts had a temporary effect. The parish authorities interfered in some places, and private persons bestirred themselves in others; so that some of the small cow-keepers had to give up business, while most of the larger establishments adopted new regulations for the maintenance of the health and cleanliness of their cattle, and threw open their yards and layers, inviting the public to walk in and inspect them at any time. The conduct of our own government in this matter, which is surely one of paramount importance, contrasts not at all creditably with that of France, at a date so remote as fifty years ago. Under the first Napoleon, in the first decade of the present century, the diseased condition of the animals imprisoned in stalls and stables by the cow-keepers of Paris, attracted the attention of some of the members of the faculty. They made the facts generally known; the public recognised their grave importance, and raised an outcry which could only be stilled by active measures. To abolish the practice of cow-keeping within the city at once, would have been too violent an assault upon vested interests, and, indeed, would have visited many of the proprietors with ruin. Other measures were therefore adopted: the existing cow-keepers (*nourisseurs*) were placed under rigid surveillance; the diseased cows were condemned, slaughtered, and their carcasses sent to feed the wild beasts in the Jardin des Plantes. In order further to abate the nuisance, and with a view of finally extinguishing it, an ordinance was passed in 1810, interdicting the opening of any new establishment of the kind in the city of Paris, and authorizing the continuance of those already existing under the sole condition that, on the decease of their proprietors, they should revert to their male children only—a condition which in this country might have little effect upon their continuance, but which in France was a sure method of doing away with them altogether. In fact, the cow-keeping establishments have virtually disappeared from Paris long ago.

The best, and by far the larger proportion of the London-consumed milk, is supplied by farmers and cow-keepers mostly situated within an area which would be comprised in a circle described at the distance of twenty miles round St. Paul's—though there is no small quantity which arrives from a greater distance. It is brought to town by railways; is contained in huge tin vessels, or churns, of over a dozen gallons capacity; and is transmitted regularly twice a day to the consignees, the London dairymen. There are, however, two reasons why it so rarely resembles the fresh "milk from the cow," which one quaffs with such relish in the country. One reason, and it is one for which perhaps no man is to be blamed, is the injury which it is liable to sustain, especially in summer time, on the railway passage. In

hot weather it will undergo a kind of fermentation by the jolting of the railway-trucks, and will arrive partially soured and clotted; and thus it will sometimes happen that at the very season when we might expect the richest milk, we receive it in the least satisfactory state. The other reason is comprised in the ominous word "adulteration." Against this it would seem that there are really no means of guarding, unless one is to be constantly instituting experiments, the trouble and cost of which are worth fifty times the material upon which they are to be exercised. A great deal of nonsense has been circulated concerning the materials used for the adulteration of milk. A common notion is, that chalk is used in large quantities, whereas any attempt to mingle chalk with milk would be instantly manifested by the subsidence of the mineral at the bottom of the containing vessel. Again, it has been asserted that the brains of calves and other animals are used for the same purpose—a notion still more absurd, since, even supposing that brains would answer the purpose, their cost would effectually preclude their use. No; the principal, almost the sole medium of adulteration for milk, is obtained from that ancient domestic convenience, the pump, which, in reference to its peculiar use among dairymen, has been not inappropriately termed "the cow with the iron tail." "Milk," says the authority already quoted, "will bear an enormous quantity of water without being much deteriorated in appearance; you may introduce three-fourths of water into milk, and yet it will still appear to be milk: there will not be much difference: it has only a bluer tinge." This is the unfortunate fact, and the other unfortunate fact which has to be taken in connection with it is, that every person through whose hands the milk passes on its way to the consumer, is under the temptation to make his hydraulic experiments with a view to his personal profit. Now, the London milk, after leaving the cow, goes at least through three hands—those of the country farmer, of the London dairymen, and of his delivering agent, the milkman or milkwoman. In some cases the intromission of this last functionary is guarded against by intrusting him or her with the fluid treasure only in padlocked vessels, and allowing it to be drawn off only through the tap; but these instances are comparatively few, and that for a very efficient reason, namely, that numbers of these street milk-walkers are independent dealers, purchasing their milk of dairymen, and regulating their profits according to their conscience, if they happen to have one. We are informed by one who ought to be a good authority, that the three-fold dilution of milk, at which we have hinted above, does actually take place in London, and that to an extent by no means limited; and he adds further, that the cases in which the milk reaches the consumer in a genuine unadulterated state are exceptional and rare.

But, says the reader, are there no means of detecting this abominable fraud? Yes, here are the means to your hand, if you like to try them: you take a galactometer, which you can buy for seven and sixpence, and which is a glass cylindrical vessel divided by lines into a hundred parts. Pour your milk into this vessel until it is full, and let it stand for twelve hours, at a temperature of from sixty to sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. After it has stood for twelve hours, pure milk will give eight of the hundred divisions or degrees of cream; if the milk has been mixed with one-third of water there will be, after the twelve hours' standing, only six divisions of cream instead of eight; if the mixture is half water you will get but four divisions; and if the dilution have extended to two-thirds of water you will have but three. This is the easiest

known method of testing the quality of milk—other methods being that of evaporation and weighing the residuum, and that of coagulation by acids and subsequently experimenting upon the curds. We submit that either one of these methods is too tedious, and in the hands of ordinary consumers far too uncertain in result ever to be generally used; and the consequence is, that the dealers in milk, from the owner of a thousand cows down to the owner of a single pailful, have the trade in their own hands, while the public are virtually without the means of protecting themselves.

This is a state of things which prevails, doubtless, in greater or less degree, wherever milk is an article of commerce; but it may be said that John Bull, notwithstanding that he is continually grumbling about it, is never known to do anything more than grumble, unless it be to establish a private cow for the benefit of the nursery, and close accounts with the milk-and-water man. Not so with our friends on the other side of the Channel. If it is true that the French dairyman has also the game in his own hands, and can augment his profits by recourse to the pump, if he choose, it is also true that he is aware of the existence of a most formidable check, which may pull him up at any moment and reduce him to repentance and good behaviour. Again and again has it happened that a *nourisseur* of ultra watery principles has been turned from his fraudulent ways, and forced back to the path of rectitude, by the paternal visitations of the police of the municipality. The process is very simple, and is at the same time most solemn and touching, at least to the individuals concerned. When a Gallic citizeness who is paying daily for milk, suspects that she is supplied in good part with water instead, she does not complain to the milkman, as Mrs. Grundy would do; she knows a better move than that—she goes to a certain inspector of viands, and leaves a portion of the suspected fluid with him. Perhaps she hears nothing about it for a week or two, or more; and if she is mistaken, and the milk is of fair quality, she never hears anything about it. But if the dairyman is playing the rogue, it will happen that some fine morning, long before the inhabitants of the town are awake, all the squads of milk-carriers, male and female, will find themselves stopped at the barriers by the police, and prevented from entering the town. They are commanded to range their milk-pails in a continuous rank by the side of the gutter, and they do so without demur, knowing that it would be worse than vain to offer any resistance. Ere long, a grave-looking man makes his appearance, and begins peering into the milk-pails, which have been already uncovered by the police. He is seen dipping and dabbling in one for a few moments, with a countenance utterly unmoved, and the next instant he tips the contents with his foot into the kennel. The milkwomen may bawl and squall, and tear their huge white caps, and the milkmen may expostulate and asseverate as they like; but in another half minute over goes the next pail, and the remorseless examiner is busy with the third. He continues the process of rapid analysis in perfect silence himself, quite regardless of the rage of the sufferers, deaf to their assurances of the purity of the milk, and confident in his own tests. Before an hour has elapsed he has perhaps examined fifty pails, and kicked over forty of them, and there is a white river flowing and flushing the open drains to the extent of a mile or more. An awful visitation this, you will say, for the dairymen; but in truth it serves them right, and is but catching them in their own snare. And if it is bad for the sophisticators, it is better than good for the honest dealers, who, on occasions like

these, can charge what they like for their commodity, and of course do not forget to drive most excellent bargains.

The effect of the existence of such a check as this can hardly be otherwise than salutary upon the French dealer in milk, and it must certainly operate powerfully in preventing adulteration. It is not merely the loss of one day's milk—though that may be no trifle—which the offender has to fear; but it is the loss of character, and consequent custom, which may land him in bankruptcy and ruin.

We are not going to recommend the adoption of this sharp species of surveillance among ourselves, though we must confess we should like to make sure of honest dealing, if it could be done without prejudice to the "liberty of the subject."

A MUSICAL EAR.

"MANKIND," says a celebrated violin-player, in commencing his book of instructions for teaching that noble instrument, "mankind may be divided under the two heads of those who do play the violin, and those who do not." Well, there's no disputing the fact; but, at the same time, the bifid classification does strike me as being somewhat grotesque. More rationally significant will it be if we divide mankind into the two classes of those who are musical, and those who are not. By musical, I do not mean that such or such a person shall have the facility of executive music, either vocal or instrumental. The power of communicating musical ideas by executive talent has not existed, or existed to a very subordinate degree, in many a musical genius. The celebrated Weber was the veriest bungler in playing, though every musician knows how profound was his musical sentiment. Poor Beethoven grew at last so completely deaf, that he could not even direct an orchestra; yet, every musician knows what a giant in harmony was Beethoven. Dr. Johnson, if I remember, positively disliked music; and Sir Humphry Davy, although liking music well enough, and almost constantly whistling whilst performing his chemical experiments, never succeeded in learning the notes of "God save the King."

Even though all these facts come staring me in the face, I presume it will not be drawing too largely on the musical knowledge possessed by the non-musical part of my readers, if I take it for granted they are aware of the existence of such a distinction as musical tones, and combinations of tones, as differing from mere noises. Having this fact well in view, it does appear somewhat extraordinary, when, glancing rapidly over the animated creation, one finds that, with the exception of human beings, birds (and only few, comparatively, amongst them) possess the faculty of a musical voice. Nay, the faculty of voice of any sort is totally forbidden to most of the lower animals. I have heard something about whistling oysters, and so, perhaps, have you; but I don't put the slightest faith in the narration, and I would not have you do so. Amongst reptiles, frogs have indeed a voice, and a pretty loud one too; but they are remarkable exceptions. Amongst insects, our little friends the crickets can chirrup merrily indeed; but theirs cannot be called a voice, the sound being produced by the rapid friction of their legs against their sides. When we ascend to air-breathing creatures with back-bones, voices are plentiful enough; but as for musical voices, they are rare indeed. Not one four-footed back-boned animal can be said to have a musical voice—not even the don-

key (except, perhaps, in his own estimation); and, amongst birds, by far the greater number are in a similar predicament. It having been conceded that certain human individuals may have the faculty of musical perception strong within them, and still not be executive musicians, the very natural question arises, whether certain animals may not be similarly circumstanced. Snakes have acquired a great celebrity for their supposed musical perceptions. The tales of snake-charming by force of music are legion. Some of these tales, perhaps, may be exaggerated; but, on the whole, I have no doubt they are founded upon truth. I have myself witnessed the extraordinary effect of music upon a common English snake. I have kept many of these animals as domestic pets, and they have nearly all given evidence of their fondness for music. One in particular I remember, which could always be got out of his night-rest by the sound of the piano; and he was never more happy than when he could climb on the upper surface of the instrument, and revel in the sonorous vibrations. On one occasion my snake had disappeared, nobody knowing whither he had gone. We hunted for him high and low: for a snake, though perfectly harmless, would awaken queer sensations if pounced down upon at unseasonable times and in unseasonable places. It would not be over-agreeable to meet with a snake in one's bed, for example, especially if one's brain was midway between the land of realities and the region of dreams. So, all satisfied as I was concerning the innocence of my snake, I nevertheless wanted to find it. One day, as the piano was being played upon, the instrument gave out some amazingly strange tones; to ascertain the cause of which, the cover of the instrument was raised, when, what should be found therein but my music-loving truant snake!

Without at all questioning the truth of the common belief that many animals not having the faculty of musical execution within them may nevertheless love music, it must be owned that much of the evidence commonly adduced in support of that notion rests on a very shallow foundation. If a dog barks when he hears me play the violin, is it that he approves or that he disapproves? Perhaps, reader, you would be better able to give an opinion if you heard me play the fiddle. Was it a proof that rats and mice knew good music from bad, when (as my landlady told me) they all ran away out of her house during that incipient stage of executive talent which fell to my lot during the time of my musical pupilage, in common with the best of musicians? When I see an old war-horse prick up his ears at the sound of a trumpet, and hear him neigh, is it a proof that he likes trumpet music for itself alone, or that his equine ideas go back by association to some proud battlefield of which he was the equine hero? In short, I can't tell; neither can anybody tell. It is the old tale over again. A philosopher in quest of knowledge reminds me of certain cows I have seen tethered by the leg in the Isle of Guernsey. Their excursions are limited to a circle, and a small circle too; soon their wanderings are abruptly checked. Beyond the length of the tether they cannot go; and, if pressed concerning the mysteries of the outer space, both cow and philosopher must alike say, "I really can't tell."

But this I can tell, that the gift of a musical ear to man, over and above the ordinary sense of hearing, is due to the goodness and wisdom of the Creator, who has added to the arrangements for supporting life boundless sources of rational pleasure. It is the duty of man to cultivate this faculty, and to use it not merely for gratified enjoyment, but for grateful praise.

Varieties.

CORRELATION OF PHYSICAL FORCES.—Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, motion, and chemical affinity, are all convertible material affections; assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect. Thus, heat may be said to produce electricity, electricity heat; magnetism to produce electricity, electricity magnetism; and so of the rest. Cause and effect, therefore, in their abstract relation to these forces, are words solely of convenience; we are totally unacquainted with the ultimate generating power of each and all of them, and probably shall ever remain so; we can only ascertain the limits of their action; we must humbly refer their causation to one omnipresent influence, and content ourselves with studying their effects, and developing by experiment their mutual relations.—*"The Correlation of Physical Forces," by W. R. Grove, Q. C.*

BARBER-SURGEONS AND THEIR HALL.—The pole, which even now, in country places, projects over the shaver's shop door, indicated at first that persons might be bled there, as the patient, when phlebotomy was performed, grasped a tall rod, to keep the arm steady and distend the veins. Clever men appeared amongst the barbers, and began to practise as medical men—on the whole, no doubt, with advantage to the humbler classes; their right to do so was quickly recognised by custom, and Henry VIII granted them a charter of incorporation, which for several centuries was the sole document which made their occupation legal. On entering from Monkwell Street, the building shows signs of neglect and disrepair; and first you come into a rather spacious hall, which is not often used, and, though elegant in its proportions, is bare and dirty. Quitting this, you enter an inner hall, probably sixty feet long by thirty wide, full of objects of the highest interest. There are several windows at the back; but the light is principally derived from a circular lantern in the centre, and this is a singularly beautiful specimen of the architect's talent. It is very lofty, and is encrusted at every point with exquisitely delicate carvings of fruit and flowers in every possible variety, "not done in plaster," said our cicerone, "but cut out of the solid wood." The walls are covered with extremely fine original paintings, and they look wonderfully fresh and well preserved, scarcely any of them showing the slightest appearance of decay.—*London Scenes and London People.*

MERCIES AND CROSSES.—The Lord might have given me forty-eight years of sickness and but two years of health, yet he hath done the contrary; I will therefore rather admire the mercy of God in giving me so long a time of health, than repine and murmur at him for giving me so short a time of sickness; and thus must all of us consider, that we have had more mercies in our life to cheer us up, than we have had crosses to discomfort us.—*Old Divine.*

RANSOM OF CERVANTES.—A very curious document has just been discovered in the archives of Madrid, translated as follows:—"Madrid, July 23, 1579.—On page 32 of the book of redemption of captives, kept by the fathers of the Trinity of this city, appears the following: No. 10. Miguel de Cervantes, of Alcala. It appears from evidence brought before me on the 31st July, that the Fathers Juan Gil, and Anton de Cabella, received 112,000 maravedis, 250 ducats, given by Dona Eleonora de Tortinas, widow of Rodrigo de Cervantes, and fifty ducats given by Dona Andrea de Cervantes, residing at Alcala, but passing by here, in order to assist in the ransom of Miguel de Cervantes of Alcala, son and brother of the above-named Donas, now captive in Algiers, in the power of Almani, captain of the Royal Guard of the King of Algiers. This Cervantes is crippled in one arm. The above-named fathers have signed two receipts for the above maravedis, in the presence of Juan de Cundros, and Juan de la Pana, resident in Madrid. In confirmation of which, have signed with me this paper, FATHERS GIL, DE CABELLA, DE ANAYA ZUNIGAL."

THE VALUE OF A SPARROW IN AUSTRALIA.—At a sale of English birds taken out this season to Adelaide, by the ship "Orient," one sparrow, the sole survivor of one hundred shipped by the importer, sold for eleven shillings, "without his cage." A couple of blackbirds, not a pair, both being cocks, sold for sixty-eight shillings; and a goldfinch canary for thirty-five shillings.

HA! AND AH!—Ha is the interjection of laughter; Ah is an interjection of sorrow. The difference betwixt them very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of a breath, is our mirth changed into mourning!—*Thomas Fuller.*